

UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN

(Tuesday, June 29, 1915)

THE RETURN OF HUERTA.

The United States government has frustrated another Mexican plot, this time within United States territory.

General Victoriano Huerta was arrested yesterday on his way to the Mexican border, charged with violating the neutrality laws of the United States. Several of his associates were also placed under arrest. It is believed the new conspiracy had the financial backing of some prominent American interests.

As soon as General Huerta left his Long Island home and started west, the Villa government in Mexico began to prepare to receive him as an enemy. They feared his advent as the "iron man" whom President Wilson has been waiting for.

The Department of Justice has already obtained much evidence pointing to American support of the Huerta plot. It is expected that the Texas grand jury, which has just been called, will indict several of these trouble-makers whose sole object is financial gain.

Just as a matter of information we should like to know what has become of the King of Albania. He has not had his name or picture in the paper for at least three months. When Italy and Austria ceased to supply his dynasty with money he graciously abdicated the throne. Then he sank into obscurity. Most persons are willing to admit that he possessed almost the absolute zero in titles.

"The Austro-German forces have taken Etalon Fghprz Zmmb," a dispatch in one of the city papers says. We have been unable to ascertain whether this is really a Russian name or whether the linotype man was just finishing out a "pied" line.

General Villa is said to be awaiting with an army of 3,000 soldiers, the developments of the latest attempt at a new revolution in Mexico. The supply of Mexican revolutionists seems to be as inexhaustible as new men for the German army.

A recent Petrograd dispatch says the Czar has gone to the front. If the Russians continue retreating at the present rate he won't have far to go.

PUTTING IT UP TO TEACHER

Young Woman Student Would Like to Have Her Name Changed.

It was a hot noon. The summer students were tired out from wrestling with "heredity," "causes of the war," "high school problems" and similar weighty matters that had occupied their minds since 8 o'clock.

Evidently the instructor was tired, too. At any rate he didn't begin instructing at once but proposed reviving the drooping class by assigning seats in alphabetical order.

"Are there any objections to the plan?" he asked after explaining the merits of the system.

"Y-yes, sir," sputtered a pretty girl near his desk. "My name always comes at the very last and I don't like it. I—I want it changed."

The class gasped. Then a titter began to ripple round the room. But the instructor rose manfully to the occasion.

"The request meets with my hearty approval," he began gallantly, "but—er—ah—circumstances unfortunately—er—prevent—"

NOTES OF THE CHURCHES.

The holy hour special service at the Catholic Church will be held at 7:30 o'clock next Thursday evening.

The Children of Mary will have a social on the lawn of the Catholic Church Monday evening.

The Senior Ladies Aid Society of the Christian Church will meet at 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

T. J. Golightly will talk on "Christian Patriotism and Our Schools" at the meeting of the Bible class for University students at the Christian Church next Sunday.

The adult missionary society of the Methodist Church meets the first Friday of each month; the young people's the second Monday, and the junior, the last Saturday of each month.

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Baptist Church will have an all-day meeting Friday.

Miss Eulalie Pape has been elected a delegate to the National B. Y. P. U. convention at Oakland, Cal.

LOVE INSURANCE

By Earl Derr Biggers

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(Continued from yesterday's issue)

However, it was not his appearance that excited comment and caused Miss Meyrick to pale. Hung over his shoulders was a pair of sandwich boards such as the outcasts of a great city carry up and down the streets. And on the front board, turned full toward Miss Meyrick's dinner party, was printed in bold black letters:

I
AM
THE
REAL
LORD
HARROWBY

With a little gasp and a marmur apology, Miss Meyrick turned quickly and entered the elevator. Lord Harrowby stood like a man of stone, gazing at the sandwich boards.

It was at this point that the hotel detective sufficiently recovered himself to lay eager hands on the audacious sandwich man and propel him violently from the scene.

In the background Mr. Minot perceived Henry Trimmer, puffing excitedly on a big black cigar, a triumphant look on his face.

Mr. Trimmer's bomb was thrown.

CHAPTER VI

Ten Minutes of Agony

"All I ask, Mister Harrowby, is that you consent to a short interview with your brother."

Mr. Trimmer was speaking. The time was noon of the following day, and Trimmer faced Lord Harrowby in the sitting-room of his lordship's hotel suite. Also present—at Harrowby's invitation—were Martin Wall and Mr. Minot.

His lordship turned his gray eyes on Trimmer's eager face. He could make those eyes fishy when he liked—he made them so now.

"He is not my brother," he said coldly, "and I shall not see him. May I ask you not to call me Mr. Harrowby?"

"You may ask till you're red in your noble face," replied Trimmer, firm in his disrespect. "But I shall go on calling you 'Mister' just the same. I call you that because I know the facts. Just as I call your poor cheated brother, who was in this hotel last night between sandwich boards, Lord Harrowby."

"Really," said his lordship. "I see no occasion for prolonging this interview."

Mr. Trimmer leaned forward. He was a big man, but his face was incongruously thin—almost ax-like. The very best sort of face to thrust in anywhere—and Trimmer was the very man to do the thrusting without batting an eye.

"Do you deny," he demanded with the air of a prosecutor, "that you had an older brother by the name of George?"

"I certainly do not," answered Lord Harrowby. George ran off to America some twenty-two years ago. He died in a mining camp in Arizona twelve years back. There is no question whatever about that. We had it on the most reliable authority."

"A lot of lies," said Trimmer, "can be had on good authority. This situation illustrates that. Do you think, Mr. Harrowby, that I'd be wasting my time on this proposition if I wasn't dead sure of my facts. Why, poor old George has the evidence in his possession. Incontrovertible proofs. It wouldn't hurt you to see him and look over what he has to offer."

"Your lordship," Minot suggested, "you know that I am your friend and that my great desire is to see you happily married next week. In order that nothing may happen to prevent, I think you ought to see—"

"This impostor," cut in his lordship haughtily. "No, I can not. This is not the first time adventurers have questioned the Harrowby title. The dignity of our family demands that I refuse to take any notice whatsoever."

"Go on," sneered Trimmer. "Hide behind your dignity. When I get through with you you won't have enough left to conceal your stick-pin."

"Trimmer," said Martin Wall,

speaking for the first time, "how much money do you want?"

Mr. Trimmer kept his temper admirably.

"Your society has not corrupted me, Mr. Wall," he said sweetly. "I am not a blackmailer. I am simply a publicity man. I'm working on a salary which Lord Harrowby—the real Lord Harrowby—is to pay me when he comes into his own. I've handled successfully in publicity campaigns prima donnas, pills, erasers, perfumes, holding companies, race horses, soups and society leaders. It isn't likely that I shall fall down on this proposition. For the last time, Mr. Allan Harrowby, will you see your brother?"

"Lord Harrowby, if I were you—"

Minot began.

"My dear fellow," His lordship raised one slim hand. "It is quite impossible. Which, I take it, terminates our talk with Mr. Trimmer."

"Yes," said Mr. Trimmer, rising. "Except for one thing. Our young friend here, when he urges you to grant my request, is giving a correct imitation of a wise head on youthful shoulders. He's an American, and he knows about me—about Henry Trimmer. I guess you never heard, Mr. Harrowby, what I did for Cotrell's Ink Eraser—"

"Come on," said Mr. Wall militantly, "erase yourself."

"For the moment, I will," smiled Mr. Trimmer. "But I warn you, Mr. Harrowby, you are going to be sorry. You aren't up against any piker in publicity—no siree. That little sandwich-board stunt of mine last night was just a starter. I'm going to take the public into partnership. Put it up to the people—that's my motto."

"Good day, sir," snapped Lord Harrowby.

"Put it up to the people. And when I pull off the little trick I thought of this morning, you're going to get down before me on your noble knees, and beg off. I warn you. Good day, gentlemen. And may I add one simple request on parting? Watch Trimmer!"

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Mr. Wall rose and walked rapidly toward a decanter.

"Rather tough on you, Lord Harrowby," he remarked, pouring himself a drink. "Especially just now. The fresh boulder! Ought to have been kicked out of the room."

"An impostor," snorted Harrowby.

"A rank impostor."

"Of course," Mr. Wall set down his glass. "But don't worry. If Trimmer gets too obstreperous, I'll take care of him myself. I guess I'll be going back to the yacht."

After Wall's departure, Minot and Harrowby sat staring at each other for a long moment.

"See here, your lordship," said Minot at last. "You know why I'm in San Marco. That wedding next Tuesday must take place without fail. And I can't say that I approve of your action just now—"

"My dear boy," Harrowby interrupted soothingly. "I appreciate your position. But there was nothing to be gained by seeing Mr. Trimmer's friend. The Meyricks were distressed, naturally, by that ridiculous sandwich-board affair last evening, but they have made no move to call off the wedding on account of it. The best thing to do, I'm sure, is to let matters take their course. I might be able to prove that chap's claims false—and then again I mightn't, even if I knew they were false. And—there is a third possibility."

"What is that?"

"He might really be—George."

"But you said your brother died twelve years ago."

"That is what we heard. But—one can not be sure. And, delighted as I should be to know that George is alive, naturally I should prefer to know it after next Tuesday."

Anger surged into Minot's heart.

"Is that fair to the young lady who—"

"Who is to become my wife?" Lord Harrowby waved his hand. "It is Miss Meyrick is not marrying me for my title. As for her father and aunt, I can not be so sure. I want no disturbance. You want none. I am sure it is better to let things take their course."

"All right," said Minot. "Only I intend to do every thing in my power to put this wedding through."

"My dear chap—your cause is mine," answered his lordship.

Minot returned to the narrow confines of his room. On the bureau, where he had thrown it earlier in the day, lay an invitation to dine that night with Mrs. Bruce. Thus was Jack Paddock's hand shown. The dinner was to be in Miss Meyrick's honor, and Mr. Minot was not sorry he was to go. He took up the invitation and reread it smilingly. So he was to hear Mrs. Bruce at her own table—the wittiest hostess in San Marco—bar none.

The drowsiness of a Florida midday was in the air. Mr. Minot lay down on his bed. A hundred thoughts were

his: the brow of Miss Meyrick's eyes, the sincerity of Mr. Trimmer's voice when he spoke of his proposition, the fishy look of Lord Harrowby refusing to meet his long lost brother. Things grew hazy. Mr. Minot slept.

On leaving Lord Harrowby's rooms, Mr. Martin Wall did not immediately set out for the Lileth, on which he lived in preference to the hotel. Instead he took a brisk turn about the spacious lobby of the De la Pax.

People turned to look at him as he passed. They noted that his large, placid, rather jovial face was lighted by an eye sharp and queer, and a bit out of place amid its surroundings. Mr. Wall considered himself the true cosmopolite, and his history rather bore out the boast. Many and odd were the lands that had known him. He had loaned money to a prince of Algiers (on excellent security), broken bread with a sultan, organized a baseball nine in Cuba, and coming home from the East via the Indian ports, had flirted on shipboard with the wife of a Russian grand duke. As he passed through that cool lobby it was not to be wondered at that middle west merchant and their wives found him worthy of a second glance.

The courtyard of the Hotel de la Pax was fringed by a series of modish shops, with doors opening both on the courtyard and on the narrow street outside. Among these, occupying a corner room was the very smart jewel shop of Ostby and Blake. Occasionally in the winter resorts of the South one may find jewelry shops whose stock would bear favorably competition with Fifth Avenue. Ostby and Blake conducted such an establishment.

For a moment before the show-window of this shop Mr. Wall paused, and with the eye of a connoisseur studied the brilliant display within. His whole manner changed. The air of boredom with which he had surveyed his fellow travelers of the lobby disappeared; on the instant he was alert, alive, almost eager. Jauntily he strolled into the store.

One clerk only—a tall thin man with a sallow complexion and hair the color of a lemon—was in charge. Mr. Wall asked to be shown the stock of unset diamonds.

The trays that the man set before him caused the eyes of Mr. Wall to brighten still more. With a manner almost reverent he stooped over and passed his fingers lovingly over the stones. For an instant the tall man glanced outside, and smiled a sallow smile. A little girl in a pink dress was crossing the street, and it was at her that he smiled.

"There's a flaw in that stone," said

Mr. Wall, in a voice of sorrow.

"See—"

From outside came the shrill scream of a child, interrupting. The tall man turned quickly to the window.

"My God—" he moaned.

(Continued in tomorrow's issue)

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